52
Tavistock Square
London
W.C.1.
Tele. 2621 Museum

Wednesday.

My dear Vita

NO NO NO — don't
risk commuting a catching draught.
Rather suggest another day
next week: when you are
probably all right.

Yours
VW.

Did you catch it off me, I wonder?

Wednesday

I'm hoping to get leave to ask you
to come & see me tomorrow. If
Nena I think comes Friday. It's
frightfully helpful, as I'm too
stupid to talk. But I should so
like it, if it isn't difficult for you
I'm much better. I had rather sharp
pain ~~of~~ for two days, & so feel
rather done up. But I've slept
almost all day. for 3 days, not
thought or read: & there's nothing
to worry about. I'm very comfortable—
The flowers are such divine
Now good by
Dearest creature
Want come first the last bother

Charleston
Firle
Lewes.

Dictated by Clive

Dearest Vita,

If it is the universal ~~wish~~ wish of the house that you should come, & we hope to see you any time on Saturday morning, to stay to lunch tea dinner - anything. I am sorry today Mathey dear old friend Crusty Roger who has been talking of the Gulf Stream, Rembrandt, instinct, sex in chickens, Sonia Dawn, will not be here.

But my sister Fusty Vanessa, whose
beauty burns through her rags,
(dictated by Vanessa) is in great
spiritual & physical vigour: oaths & tropes
roll & rollick from her lips; she is
entirely loveable, cuddable & delightful.
As for my dear (dictated by Virginia)
Clive, whose heart is turning to
honey, in which the yellow bee
blooms, he has provided a stuffed
turkey, lozenged with truffles:
he is as ripe as can be; vegetous
yields virtuous, & now we
walk through the clods together,
talking, first one & then another, of
Vita Vita Vita as the new
moon rises & the lambs
huddle on the downs,

V.

Look here Vibe — throw over your
man, & we'll go to Hampton
Court & dine on the river
together & walk in the gardens
in the moonlight & come
home late & have a bottle
of wine at dinner & set
to-rights. & I'll tell you
all the things I have in my
head, millions, myriads. They
want stir by day, only
by dusk on the river.
of that. Throw over your
man, I say, & come.

Monday

P. S.

This is just to say that I find I'm alone for dinner on Thursday night, if there any chance of your being up — but I don't suppose there will be.

Will you thank Harold for his letter just come? It was angelic of him to think of writing

V.